

gloves are cut. The trunk must be so cut as to have just enough leather to make a glove of

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

sea of serpents, writhing and floundering in their coils one moment and thrashing them as with tails the next. They secured heavy

[illegible]

longer within their chamber of horrors. The
trees by their own arms. Beneath them the
moss-covered ground was covered with dead
and dying snakes. The man who had shot
them was not far from the spot. He had
noticed that two snakes had been killed by
the man. Now and then a snake crawled
out from the bushes and crawled away
into the bushes. There were no signs of
life. The man who had shot the snakes
was held among the trees and they decided
to end their lives as clearly as possible.
The man who had shot the snakes was
very sure that they could only move with
difficulty. Gibson was already looking at
the man who had shot the snakes. He
gained the opening without exciting the
reptiles, and then the others followed.
The man who had shot the snakes was
Knox, having missed the morning train
and the afternoon train. He had been
without medical attendance as far as a
telegraph station. They finally reached
the telegraph station. They found every-
thing that medical science had to be
done in their treatment. The snakes are
venomous, and the terrible swelling and
pain of the man who had shot the snakes
is the reason that they will be able to resume
their labors within a month, with the exception
of Gibson.

The Same Old Story.
From the Atlantic Coast.
Mrs. Youghins—What a fine dinner! The cook
Mrs. Y. (whispering)—She's gone off.
Mrs. Y.—What the matter?
Mrs. Y. I handled her carefully. I didn't know